

THE STUDY CHRONICLE



MIDSUMMER 1941



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The Study

Montreal

FOUNDED 1917. Incorporated 1922 by Act of the Quebec Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



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THE SIXTH FORM

Back row:-Greta Morris, Pamela Blacklock, Margery Nelson.

Front row:-Florence Grimaldi, Barbara Hawkes, (Head Girl), Barbara Walker.

Inset:-Virginia Walbank.

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EDITORIAL

*"Alle is buxumnesse there, and booke for to rede and to leue,
And grete love and lykinge for each of hem lovethe other."*
—Piers Plowman Bk. 303 and 305.

This year has been unlike any that the school has seen for a long time. Across the sea a war is being waged — there is no need to dwell upon the seriousness of that struggle — we all know that upon it depend the peace and freedom which are part of our lives in Canada.

War has not dominated our school life this year, on the contrary, we have had many varied and interesting experiences. There have been concerts, lectures on poetry, nature, and current events, and interesting art exhibitions. For our enjoyment of all these we are indebted to the different members of the staff who have brought them to our notice.

Indirectly, however, war has affected us all. We all read the newspaper now, and have come to know the importance of each headline. Inevitable changes have taken place. Families have moved to other cities, and so we have lost some of our good comrades and workers. I think everyone feels a greater sense of responsibility too, and accordingly, a greater effort has been made in "those dreadful lessons". Every girl has worked, for a long time, to do her bit and at the same time carry on with her school routine.

The school seems to have found many interesting ways in which to mingle war work with studies and play.

One class started the ball rolling by selling fudge in break! The Study evidently has a sweet tooth, for every bag was sold, and there were indignant protests that some orders had not been filled. Several classes knitted industriously through the winter, another class gave a ski-lair, with the hostesses all dressed in ski clothes which gave a very gay effect. The school turned out en masse to this event, there was a homemade cake competition, movies on skiing, an auction sale, and innumerable games. Every one was only too ready for refreshments. The returns from this effort were really astonishing.

The last entertainment, so far, was an interesting variety show, including piano solos, vocal choruses, and one-act plays. We are all looking forward to the next event which is to be a hobby show, and no doubt it will be as full of interest and excitement as its predecessors.

In addition to these major efforts the different classes have been saving for war savings certificates, each according to their own schemes. We have devoted two collection days to the war savings campaign with satisfying results. We feel that a special vote of thanks is due to all the mistresses whose co-operation made these events a success.

The school is really contributing towards winning the war, and, best of all, enjoying it too.

Carry on, Study!

ROLL CALL 1940-41

Upper and Middle School

*Head Girl: BARBARA HAWKES
Games Captain: CLAIRE FISHER*

MU GAMMA

Virginia Walbank (*Head of House*)
Pannie Barr
Ann Brocklebank
Mary Brocklebank
Joan Bronson
Sheila Campbell
Sheila Clarkson
Paniela de Sola
Stephanie Hale
Daphne Hodgson
Elspeth Lindsay
Eleanor Lindsay
Meg Lindsay
Sally Matthews
Sheila Mercer
Louisa Macfarlane
Helen MacLure
Shirley McCall
Isabel McGill
Nancy McGill
Cathy-Ann Notman
Joan Notman
Madeleine Parsons
Constance Pope
Kathleen Root
Marjorie Root
Cynthia Sassoone
Rachel Sewell
Jeanne Unwin
Barbara Walker
Mary Warlow
Joan Wight
Shirley Wight
Anne Williamson

KAPPA RHO

Florence Grimaldi (*Head of House*)
Frances Barnes
Pamela Blacklock
Barbara Beall
Elizabeth-Ann Berlyn
Sheila Beaton
Nancy Bignell
Francine Cole
Dorothy Downes
Daphne Fairbairn-Smith
Mary-Lea Fetherstonhaugh
Joan Gilmour
Janet Gilmour
Elizabeth Gould
Ina Grimaldi
Audrey Hansard
Ann Hodgson
Linda Hodgson
Elizabeth Hopkins
Barbara Jellett
Jill Litchfield
Pauline Little
Margaret Little
Joan Mason
Kathryn Mason
Lorna MacDougall
Julia Mackenzie
Margot McDougall
Katherine Paterson
Bryony Plant
Cynthia Plant
Sheila Ramsay
Jane Ramsay
Katherine Smith
Barbara Wales

BETA LAMBDA

Claire Fisher (*Head of House*)
Willa Birks
Betty Capon
Diana Davis
Elizabeth Dawes
Mary Fisher
Joan Hebden
Frances Hodge
Gwendolen Marler
Eve Marler
June Marler
Louise Marler
Barbara Miller
Lucille Molson
Anne Morgan
Martha Morgan
Greta Morris
Audrey MacDermot
Patsy MacDermot
Rosina McCarthy
Jane McCarthy
Elizabeth McLennan
Margery Nelson
Elizabeth Parkin
Mary Patch
Frances Patch
Pamela Ponder
Mary Lee Putnam
Roslyn Roberton
Jean Rutherford
Jocelyn Rutherford
Barbara Lidmarsh
Nancy Todd
June Walker
Margery Wiggs
Sally Wilson

DELTA BETA

Elizabeth Macdonald (*Head of House*)
Sally Aitken
Ann Armstrong
Joy Ballon
Margot Ballon
Brigit Bell
Anne Bond
Phillida Brewis
Mindel Bronfman
Phyllis Bronfman
Isobel Chapman
Barbara Christmas
Nonie Cronyn
Frances Currie
Elizabeth Fleming
Marion Fox
Ann Gralley
Rosemary Grier
Mary Hanson
Alison Heney
Barbara Heward
Mary Hugessen
Cynthia Landry
Sheila Montgomery
Nancy-Lee McMurtry
Eve Osler
Mary Robertson
Marigold Savage
Mary Stewart
Mary Tellier
Margaret Turner Bone
E. Turner-Bone
Dorothy Walter
Anne Yuile

HOUSE NOTES



MU GAMMA

Our first housemeeting was held in the English room as usual, under the able direction of Miss Hague and Miss Wallace. Virginia Walbank was elected Head with Barbara Hawkes as second and Games Captain as well.

The war has made many changes and has unfortunately affected our House among others, in that we lost some of our best girls. We were also sorry to say good-bye to such old stand-bys as Audrey Bovey, our last year's head, Miriam Tees, Jacky Hale and Helen Malcolm, who was a very keen Games Captain.

We kept up the system of dividing the House into two teams, and find it still stimulates a greater interest in the welfare of the House. Those who gave in the most excellents were Nancy McGill and Helen MacLure.

So far this year Mu Gamma is doing well in her efforts towards winning the Sports Cup. In the first round of the basketball matches, which came off at the end of March, Mu Gamma played Kappa Rho, and after a good game defeated them. In the finals we played Beta Lambda, who, unfortunately for them, had not got their full team, and once again we were successful.

Our team was as follows:-

Shots .

Louise MacFarlane

Anne Brocklebank

Barbara Walker

Barbara Hawkes

Mary Brocklebank

Conny Pope

Stephanie Hale

Defence .

Sub. .

Barbara Walker and Barbara Hawkes won the badminton doubles for the House, but unfortunately we lost the singles to Kappa Rho.

Our great event of the year was the Penguin Ski Races. Although this was a school victory, we are all very proud to have the winner, namely - Barbara Walker, in our house.

The tennis matches have yet to be played and the sports day and swimming meet are near at hand. All Mu Gamma are determined to retain the Sports Cup which we won last year after a hard struggle.

In closing we want to thank our two house mistresses for their continued interest and co-operation in everything we do.

KAPPA RHO

Our house mistresses, Miss Sanders and Miss Marsh, presided over our first meeting held on Friday, Sept. 13th. Florence Grimaldi was elected head of the house; Elizabeth Hopkins sub-head and Iva Grimaldi, games captain.

This year we were sorry to say good-bye to Martha Chadwick, Elizabeth Gillespie, Betty MacLean, Janet Shaw and Jocelyn Pangman. But, however, we were glad to welcome Barbara Beall, Elizabeth-Ann Berlyn, Audrey Hansard, and Katherine Patterson.

On Saturday this spring the whole house enjoyed a most unusual treat when half of us under the capable wing of Miss Sanders, half of us with Miss Marsh, undertook a tour of Elmhurst dairy. We investigated everything, heard a most interesting lecture, and then slaked our thirst with delicious ice-cream. We want to thank both our Mistresses for giving us such a nice time.

In basketball we were not very successful, we were beaten by Mu Gamma and tied with Delta Beta. Our team was as follows:—

Shots	Joan Gilmour
Centres .	Julia Mackenzie
Defense ..	Florence Grimaldi
	Ina Grimaldi
	Frances Barnes,
	Janet Gilmour
	Daphne Smith

We were, however, more successful in badminton, for Florence Grimaldi won the singles. We are now looking forward to the inter-house tennis matches, the swimming meet and the sports day, at which we hope to obtain good results.

We hope that next year the House will do better in everything, and here's wishing it all the luck there is!

DELTA BETA

Delta Beta was sorry to have to say good-bye to seven girls this year, one of whom was its head, Pat Nelson. We were all looking forward to having Pat as our head again this year and loudly lamented our loss. We are sure that these girls will be glad to hear that Delta Beta is putting up a hard fight against Beta Lambda, our bitter rival, for we are right on their heels.

Delta Beta welcomed nine newcomers this year. Sally Aitken, Joy Ballon, Margot Ballon, Phillida Brewis, Mary Robertson, Marigold Savage, Mary Stewart, Mary Tellier and Anne Yuile. All these girls have done splendid work in helping Delta Beta.

At the opening meeting, in the History Room as usual, Elizabeth Macdonald was elected house head and Margaret Turner Bone was elected sub-head and games Captain.

The Delta Beta girls seem to love talking, because the house order points this year have not been anything to boast about, perhaps if we had been less talkative we might have gained the few extra points which we need so badly.

This year the house basket-ball team fought nobly against Beta Lambda and Kappa Rho. After a long fight we at last tied for third place with Kappa Rho.

The team was—

Shots	Ann Bond
Centres	Tinker Bell
Defence	Nancy Lee McMurtry
	Sheila Montgomery
	Margaret Turner Bone
	Mary Hanson
Sub.	Elizabeth Turner Bone

Although we were not so successful in the basketball we hope to win the swimming meet and Sports Day. Our mouths are watering for the cup and we hope to get it, so Good Luck! Delta Beta.

BETA LAMBDA

House meetings as usual took place in the science room, where, at the first of the year with the assistance of Miss Vowles and Miss Indge, Claire Fisher was chosen Head of the House, Greta Morris Sub-Head, and Betty Capon, Games Captain.

We were very sorry to lose two staunch members of our house, Peggy Davis and Sheila-Bell Mappin, who had been at the school for a good number of years. Peggy was Head of the House as well as Head Girl, and Sheila was Sub-Head; both of them contributed a lot to the good spirit of the House.

But in their stead we welcomed Willa Birks, Patsy MacDermot, Jane McCarthy, Elizabeth McLennan, Jocelyn Rutherford, Nancy Todd and June Walker into the house. Everyone has worked hard to make our year a successful one, and a great many girls got excellents in drill. The girls with the best totals are:—

Martha Morgan, Patsy MacDermot, Diana Davis, Willa Birks, Pamela Ponder.

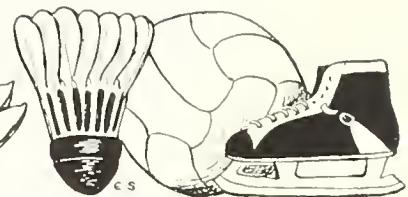
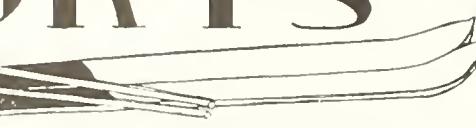
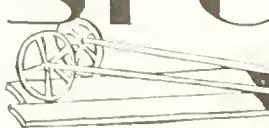
Because of the small number of girls who took games, we did not shine especially in either the Badminton or Basketball matches, but nevertheless we enjoyed ourselves, and we hope to make up for it next year and in the Swimming Meet, tennis tournaments and Sports' Day, to which we are still looking forward with hope.

Our basketball team was made up as follows:—

Shots . . .	Elizabeth Dawes
	Frances Hodge
	Nancy Todd
Centres . . .	Betty Capon
	Claire Fisher
Defence	Diana Davis
	Anne Morgan

There is keen competition with Delta Beta for the Point Cup, but we hope in the end to take it from their envious hands, as we have done in previous years!

SPORTS



BASKETBALL

As usual, basketball practices started as soon as we got back to school in September, but we found, much to our dismay, that nearly all the members of our two last year's teams had left, including Audrey Bovey, Sheila-Bell Mappin, Peggy Davis, Helen Malcolm and Miriam Tees, all of whom have been the mainstays of our teams for the last several years. Because there were so many vacancies in the teams, there was a great deal of eagerness and even competition among the girls at practices, and eventually two teams were chosen. In our third game, Elizabeth Hopkins, a shot on the First team, hurt her ankle and was out of action for the rest of the season. The teams were re-arranged, Barbara Walker changing from her position of defence to that of shooting centre on the First team, and what a shot she turned out to be! The teams for the main part of the season were as follows:—

<i>First Team</i>		<i>Second Team</i>
Betty Capon	Shots	Nancy Lee McMurtry
Louise MacLarlane	"	Mary Brocklebank
Barbara Walker	Shooting Centre	Ina Grimaldi
Claire Fisher	Defence Centre	Diana Davis
Florence Grimaldi	Defence	Sheila Montgomery
Barbara Hawkes	"	Margaret Turner-Bone
	Subs.:	Dorothy Downes
		Tinker Bell
		Anne Bond
		Mary Hanson

Under Miss Moore's excellent coaching and with Audrey Bovey's valuable assistance, the quality of these teams really reached quite a high standard, and for the first time in the last six years, our First Team won the Interscholastic Basketball Cup, losing only one game during the whole season.

The scores for the games were:—

<i>First Team</i>		<i>Second Team</i>
Nov. 21—vs. Trafalgar	20-23 Victory	30-12 Defeat
Dec. 3—vs. Miss Edgar's	16-21 Victory	16-22 Victory
Dec. 12—vs. Weston	29-22 Defeat	7-29 Victory
Jan. 27—vs. Trafalgar	28-12 Victory	31-5 Defeat
Feb. 13—vs. Miss Edgar's	23-28 Victory	17-13 Defeat
Feb. 26—vs. Weston	12-35 Victory	10-12 Victory

We also played two very enjoyable friendly games, one against the Old Girls, and one against the staff. Both of these were victories for the school, but



THE FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Claire Fisher (Captain), Louise Macfarlane, Barbara Walker, Barbara Hawkes, Betty Capon, Florence Grimaldi.



THE SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

Diana Davis (Captain), Sheilah Montgomery, Mary Brocklebank, Marguerite Turner-Bone, Nancy Lee McMurtry, Dorothy Dewnes, Ina Grimaldi, Anne Bond, Tinker Bell, Mary Hanson.

I think everyone, including the audience, found these games very entertaining, and shall I say—amusing. The Old Girls' and Mistresses' teams were as follows:

<i>Old Girls</i>		<i>Mistresses</i>	
Elizabeth McConkey	Shots	Miss Saunders	
Miriam Tees	"	Miss Wallace	
Audrey Bovey	Shooting Centre	Audrey Bovey	
Peggy Davis	Defence Centre	Miss Moore	
Helen Malcolm	Defence	Miss Vowles	
Margaret Knox	"	Miss Marsh	
Estelle Holland	"		

BADMINTON

Every Saturday morning between the tennis and ski-ing seasons we played badminton in the hall of St. Mathias church. Ping-pong was played by those waiting to play badminton, and found to be very popular.

The badminton tournaments between the Houses were again very exciting. The finals of the doubles were between Mu Gamma and Beta Lambda, and after a well-loughed battle the Mu Gamma team, consisting of Barbara Walker and Barbara Hawkes, were victorious. The singles were even more exciting, as all the girls were very even. However, in the finals, Florence Grimaldi of Kappa Rho played Louise MacFarlane of Mu Gamma, and eventually, accompanied by many shouts and cheers from the audience, Florence won the game, but only after a very hard struggle.

In March, we had a very kind invitation from the badminton teams of West Hill High School to have a friendly game with them. Eagerly we set out for West Hill, and on arriving we were shown great hospitality, everyone being very friendly. We had a great deal of fun playing against them, but they proved to be superior, and we won very few games. Nevertheless, I hope we can have another game some time, and perhaps we will do better.

As well as the Mistresses' basketball game we had a badminton match with them. Their team consisted of Miss Sanders, Miss Moore, Miss Wallace, Miss Hague, Miss Vowles, and Audrey Bovey. We played six games, and the staff won five of them.

Except for a little hockey, we have not played any games between lunch and afternoon school this year. Volley-ball and baseball are too hard on the glassware.

So far I think Mu Gamma is ahead in the fight for the House Games Cup, which they won last year, but there are still the tennis tournaments, Sports' Day and the Swimming Meet to come, so the other houses still have a good chance.

This past year has been an exceptionally good one for the Games Club. Not only did we win several interscholastic events, but our numbers have greatly increased in the upper classes especially, and all year the school as a whole has shown great interest in our activities and has supported us faithfully. May I take this opportunity, on behalf of the Games Club, to thank Audrey Bovey

for giving us so much of her valuable time in order to coach our shots, and also to thank Miss Moore for all the work she has done to help us.

SKI-ING

This year again we were lucky in having ski-ing lessons on Saturday mornings during the winter. Mr. Bott, our instructor, helped us to improve our ski-ing style, and gave several English girls their first lessons.

To our disappointment, nobody challenged us for the Barry Morton Trophy, which we won in a cross-country race last year, but, as usual, there were the much looked-forward-to downhill and slalom races held by the very kind Penguin Ski Club of St. Sauveur. We did not enter as many teams as last year, but what we lacked in quantity, we tried to make up for in quality, and fairly successfully, too, it seems, for our first Senior team managed to bring home the Molson Trophy, which is now hanging in our Assembly Hall. The heroine of the day was Barbara Walker, who won both the downhill and slalom races in the Senior class. The other three girls on the team were Margaret Turner-Bone, Betty Capon and Claire Fisher, all of whom (and Barbara, too) have beautifully inscribed eversharp pencils to show for the day.

This is the first time that we have won the Schoolgirl's Meet, but we certainly hope that it will not be the last, and I do not think it should be, for the standard of ski-ing in the school is steadily increasing all the time.



THE SKI TEAM

Claire Fisher, Margaret Turner-Bone, Barbara Walker, Betty Capon.

TENNIS

As soon as we came back to school in September we started playing tennis on the Mount Royal courts. More and more girls are coming to tennis now, some to learn, and some to polish up what they have already learnt, but everyone to have a good time. We have not had any tournaments yet, but they are coming soon, and in the meantime we are practising hard for them.

CLAIRE FISHER,

(*Games Captain*)

PROGRESS IN SKI-ING

Ski-ing is a new venture for me. It has brought with it many thrills — and many bumps and bruises. Until recently all my ideas of this sport have been based on news reels of the Russo-Finnish war and travel films of Switzerland or Norway. Although it is a sport that is never practised in England, we have realised its rapidly growing importance and popularity in other countries.

During the Christmas holidays everybody was talking of one subject — ski-ing — and the words associated with their conversation such as going "Up North" and "can you do a closed christie or a stem-turn?" "Are you in the slalom?" at first were nothing to me but a jibberish jumble. Later when we decided to go "up North," I listened intently to the skiers and picked up their expressions so that I might not appear too amateurish about the whole affair, when I arrived at Ste. Marguerite.

It was a bright sunny morning in December when I took the train "up North" for the first time. I was fascinated by the gay ski-suits and newly waxed skis, but tried to appear very blasé about it all and attain the air of a proficient skier. However when we arrived at The Alpine Inn and put on our skis, I began to quake a little at the knees, for only once before had I attempted to ski and it was not a very successful attempt.

My three friends were experienced skiers and were keen to follow the Maple Leaf trail halfway to Ste. Adele, they assured me that it was easy, cross-country ski-ing and I would soon become used to it. I had my doubts but bravely commenced to follow their tracks.

I have never regretted doing so, for that day is now one of the most memorable ones since I have been in Canada. It was like gliding through fairyland with an occasional lapse into goblinland when I became tangled up with my skis in a snowdrift.

We arrived back at the Alpine Inn at dusk, very weary, but happy and contented, and I for one was convinced that ski-ing was the finest of sports. It left you with a body inert with fatigue, but with a happy contented mind, one that had had a whole day's relaxation drinking in all the beauties of nature.

And as the train drew slowly out of the little station I caught one last glimpse of the snow-clad hills, their former whiteness dissolving to a blushing glow beneath the rays of the setting sun. I and the world were at peace.

RACHEL SEWELL,

Upper V.



Every year, art at The Study develops more and more under the experienced direction of Miss Seath. This year there have been new ideas and suggestions, and the girls seem to have enjoyed their work thoroughly.

Some very good posters have been done, either for the war, lectures, bazaars or fairs. A poster was painted for the Ski Fair put on by Middle V, and fifteen were done for music festivals and some for a bird lecture.

The children have had great fun making amusing masks from clay and from paper bags. A lot of modelling has been done, and at Christmas time there was a delightful crèche made of clay figures. It consisted of the Christ Child, Mary and Joseph, the three Kings, various shepherds, the ox and ass and two beautiful doves perched on the rafters. Around the walls was a Santa Claus parade, including Santa himself, clowns, tumblers, fairies, and all that go with a real Christmas parade.

The history of art class has had an interesting year. Egyptian, Greek, Chinese, Roman and Modern Art, and the Renaissance period have all been included in their work. They went to see various exhibitions at the Art Gallery. A trip was planned to Toronto, but it had to be postponed to another year.

Three girls are taking their matriculation in art this year, and have been working hard at water colours and charcoals.

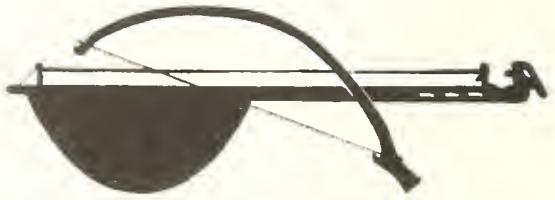
Eight or nine girls from the Lower III. form, chosen by Miss Seath, were asked by Mr. Lismore of the Education department of the Art Gallery, to give a demonstration during the teachers' conference at the Art Gallery, shortly after Christmas. A few lines were drawn on the blackboard by Mr. Lismore. A line suggested the bottom of the ocean, another the sea itself, and between the sea and sky, the girls drew anything that they thought suitable. Aeroplanes, ships and birds immediately began to appear on the paper. When this work of art had been finished, it was carried upstairs to be exhibited to a critical audience composed of some two to three hundred school-teachers. It was generally agreed that the "experiment" had been very successful.

Twenty-five paintings were sent to the International Conference of the New Education Fellowship at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A. This exhibition will tour all the principal cities in the States and in Canada. The Art Committee requested paintings that expressed the feelings of the children themselves to their environment. The ideas were to be their own. The exhibit from each country was to be representative, as far as possible, of life in that country.

I think we'll all agree that this year has been a very successful one in the art class, and we look forward to another year of pleasant activities.

GRET V MORRIS.

MUSIC



This has been a year full of enjoyment for all the music lovers at the school.

Last June, the Middle School did a very entertaining song play in two acts called "Rumpelstiltskin." The entire play was made up of good tunes taken from the folk music of many countries, and the enjoyment of the performers was as evident as that of the audience. We would like to extend many thanks to Miss Hancox who coached the actors, to Miss Moore who taught the dances, and to Miss Seath who did many hours of work painting the scenery and arranging the lights. The play was followed by a group of songs by the Upper School. An unaccompanied quartet, "What Shall He do That Killed the Deer," by Bishop, was sung by Priscilla Lobley, Miriam Tees, Sheila Mercer, Virginia Walbank and Elizabeth Hopkins. This was learned by the girls themselves in odd moments during the lunch hour, and they sang it very well indeed.

The Carol Concert was full of good cheer and the real spirit of Christmas. The old girls attended and sang two songs, one of which was the ever-favorite "Bring a Torch," which was sung in three parts unaccompanied. "Le Miracle de Saint Nicholas," arranged for semi-chorus and chorus in three parts, was sung for the first time. It was quite a task to learn ten verses in French, some of which were arranged in four parts, but it was worth the work, and it added variety to the programme.

This term we have accomplished several three-part songs, "The Swallows," by Holst; "Lo, How A Rose," by Praetorius; "Come, Thou, O Come," by Bach, and a gentle little two-part song, "The Guardian Angel," by Cesar Frank, and finally a rousing canon called, "Hey Ho, to the Greenwood," by Byrd. We are at present hard at work practising for the June concert and the church service at the Cathedral. At the service we are going to sing the anthems, "Awake Thou Wintry Earth," a Dutch carol and "Through the Darkening Door of Sorrow Goes the Heart to Deeper Joy," by Handel.

One of the most interesting musical events which we enjoyed were the concerts given by the McGill String Quartet. Most of us were not very familiar with chamber-music, but by the end of the series we felt we had learned a lot and were appreciating more and more this particular kind of music.

Besides these concerts the Quartet gave a series of three musical parties for young people. Mr. Chadwick gave the explanations in his own humorous and instructive way and Tudor Hall was crowded each time with enthusiastic and appreciative children.

In March we were given a great treat. Mrs. Sherrard, the wife of the second violinist in the Quartet, invited Miss Blanchard and twelve girls to a rehearsal for the final concert. Twelve girls from the Sacred Heart Convent were also there. We had tea first and then went up to the beautiful music-room. It was

a wonderful opportunity to hear the Quartet as it should be heard—informally, with a small and appreciative audience. Mr. Brott and Mrs. Sherrard gave interesting explanations and we received a great surprise when Henrietta Schumann played the first movement of the Donhayni Piano Quintet.

The pipers too, have had a very satisfactory year. There is now a class of a dozen Junior Pipers, who can play several tunes very well indeed. Each of them has made two trebles and some are working at alto pipes.

The Senior Pipers were sorry to lose many of their best members last year—Miriam Tees, Sheila Mappin, Priscilla Lobley and Audrey Bovey (all of whom are at McGill), but several others are coming along to take their places. For the first time we have attempted a really difficult Bach aria written for flutes and continuo, and we have also learned several trios and one or two quartets. On Saturday mornings at eleven, there has been, besides the Junior Pipers, a group of grown-ups and children all doing odd jobs. Some painting and others making pipes under the guidance of Miss Blanchard and her assistant, Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell is a genius that can make even the crankiest pipe do what it should, and we are very grateful for all his patient help and to Miss Blanchard for such a happy and profitable piping year.

Each Thursday Miss Blanchard has had a small music appreciation class in which we have read, "The Little Chronicle of Magdalena Bach," by Esther Meynell. We have sung a number of chorales, and have become familiar with three of the Brandenburg concertos, and parts of the St. Matthew Passion and the B Minor Mass. We are now looking forward to hearing the Mass in the St. Laurent Festival.

On June 7th a bus-load of Study children are going to this St. Laurent Festival for the concert to be given by Sir Thomas Beecham and the orchestra of Les Concerts Symphoniques. It promises to be a great occasion and we are looking forward to it with the keenest anticipation.

We feel that this has been a very profitable musical year and we are greatly indebted to Miss Blanchard for choosing such an interesting variety of songs for us to learn.

SHEILA MERCER
VIRGINIA WALBANK

THE BARREL-ORGAN MAN

The bird's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
And here too are we,
My organ and me.
To tell you that summer is born.

My wild Irish Rose!
Hark how the music goes—
And somebody hums,
You can't do your sums,
What's the French for a wild Irish

Rose?

The windows are wide,
A joyful world outside;
You drift into dream
Of woodland and stream,
And answers that nobody knows.

And so we pass by,
My music box and I.
Be it brief, be it long,
May life be a song,
With a melody haunting its close.

17

ANON.

DRAMATIC NOTES



The Study Assembly Hall has again been the scene of much delightful entertainment this year. The walls have echoed with laughter and song — as well as the usual noise. The dramatics have been very entertaining.

To start the season the Upper III. presented "A Christmas Carol", by Dickens — very appropriate for the close of the Christmas Term.

The characters were:

Scrooge	MARY HUGESSEN
Boy	PANNIE BARR
Bob Cratchit	FRANCES CURRIE
Christmas Spirit	ELIZABETH FLEMING
Sue	ELIZABETH GOULD
Sammy	FRANCES PATCH
Peter	FRANCES HODGE
Mrs. Cratchit	BARBARA WALES
Martha	JANE RAMSAY
Belinda	SHIRLEY WIGHT
Tiny Tim	CYNTHIA PLANT
Messenger Boy	JEAN RUTHERFORD
and <i>Carollers:</i>	Eleanor Lindsay Ann Armstrong
	Eve Marler Kathryn Mason
	June Marler Cathy-Ann Notman
	Lena MacDougall Marjorie Root

We wish to comment on the excellent performances of Mary Hugessen, Frances Currie, and Cynthia Plant, who made a sweet Tiny Tim.

We spent a happy hour when the Upper Fourths presented "The Happy Man", by Margaret Irwin. The play was well done and the actresses seemed to be enjoying their roles as much as we enjoyed watching their performance. The story concerned the search of the three pretty princesses for a happy man who would give his shirt to the King. The princesses sat on the garden wall — keeping us in a state of suspense as we were sure they would be Humpty-Dumpties before the end — and asked all the passers-by if they were happy. Each apparently had some cause for unhappiness; the poor man and the washerwoman played by Meg Lindsay, the King and valet played by Linda Hodgson, the General Volmar played by Mary Lee Putnam, Rosemary Grier as Lord Granthosir, Dorothy Walters as the Lady Rosamond and of course the three princesses, Amoret, Amabel, Amaryllis, who were impersonated by Sheila Ramsay, Mary Fisher and Phyllida Brewis, respectively. The happy man at last came along in the person of Margot McDougall, who also played Mahomet, the page. This play was enthusiastically applauded — everyone having done her job well.

At a concert given for the Spitfire Fund, two sketches were presented by the Upper III. They were "Weegi" by Stephen Leacock, and "The First Client" by A. A. Milne.

Weegi was the story of a pet dog and the cast included Cynthia Plant as Weegi, E. Gould, E. Fleming and M. Root. In the other amusing sketch Eve Marler was the new lawyer, Pannie Barr the telephone man, and June Marler, the secretary.

Mention must be made of the very successful "She Stoops to Conquer", produced by the Middle & Lower Fifth of last year. This was given once for the school and once for the parents; both audiences were most appreciative. The performance of Jacqueline Workman as Kate was delightful. She looked and acted the part so well. We hope that this group will continue its good work next year.

This year's dramatic season will close with "The Wonderful Bottle", being presented by the Lower IV. Good luck Lower IV., we are looking forward to your play.

We wish to thank Miss Hancox and Miss Sanders for their excellent direction—and for their time given in making the dramatics of '41 a great success.

MINDA BRONEMAN.

THE SKI FAIR

On Tuesday, March 11th, the Middle V. gave a Ski Fair, at school, in order to raise money for the War.

The Fair opened with two films. One about ski-ing, with many thrilling pictures, and the other about baby elephants and other young animals at the Zoo.

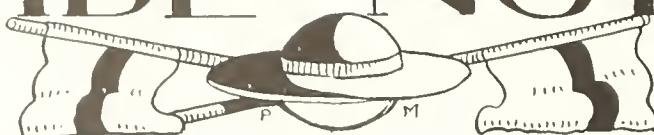
Perhaps one of the most popular items at the Fair was the Lucky Dip. People paid five cents and fished for treasure from behind a screen. The White Elephant Stall made the most money. It was attended by Miss Moore and some of the members of the first and second teams. The objects ranged from books to little china-jars filled with grape jelly. We were delighted to witness an unexpected genius for auctioning in Miss Moore, which brought the money rolling in.

There were in addition several stalls—i.e., sweet stalls, postcard stalls, and competitions—i.e., guessing how many jelly-beans were in a certain jar. The person who guessed nearest was given the sweets; and games—i.e., bingo.

Refreshments for tea were collected by the Middle V. holding a cake and cookie competition (a brainwave of Miss Marsh's). Staff and girls alike contributed as good chels and sportsmen should! A prize—(a cookery book)—was given for the best cake and another for the best cookies. The former was won by Mary Hugesson, who produced a really delicious cake, and the latter by Elizabeth Ann Berlyn. None of the entries were returned!!

To make the Fair more wintry the Middle V. balanced skis round the walls and wore ski-ing clothes. After a very successful afternoon we made sixty-five dollars (deducting expenses); fifteen dollars was spent in buying wool, which the Lower V. knitted into handsome scarves for the navy, and fifty dollars was sent to Mr. Ilsley.

GUIDE NOTES



In September we were glad to have Captain MacInnes and Lieutenant Patch back again. We welcomed Lieutenant Tees and a few new recruits. All the First Class Guides of last year were compelled to leave because of their studies and change of schools. These were: Margaret Turner Bone, Ira Grimaldi, Florence Grimaldi, Diana White and Janet Shaw.

Elizabeth Macdonald and Sheila Mercer stayed on until Christmas. We had four patrols: -- Poppies, Heather, Honesty and Sunflower. The patrol leaders were: Elizabeth Turner Bone, Sheila Mercer, Meg Lindsay, Elizabeth MacDonald.

All the parents were invited to the first enrollment and we sure that they enjoyed it. Instead of the annual singing competition, there was a singing festival where we learnt new songs.

After Christmas Louise MacLarlane and Barbara Tidmarsh took the places of Sheila Mercer and Elizabeth MacDonald. We went on a hike in February, and even though it rained, we had a good time. All the Second Class Guides studied for their cooks' badge while the tenderfeet were learning their second class.

At the end of the Easter term, we reluctantly said goodbye to Captain MacInnes and Lieutenant Patch became our Captain. On Easter Monday we went for a hike on Mount Royal. We had a treasure hunt and the prize was a box of lollipops.

The first meeting of the Summer term was taken entirely by the patrol leaders who planned new games and drill. As usual we had our camp day when each patrol corner becomes a tent and the Guides learn what fun they can have at camp.

Next Autumn we will gladly welcome any girls who wish to become Guides.

ELIZABETH TURNER BONE

BARBARA TIDMARSH

EASTER SUNDAY

On Easter Sunday, the cool wind blew, the flowers and trees swayed with the rhythm of the wind. The sky was blue and the clouds snowy white as they drifted along the sky.

People went bustling along, Easter bonnets and all; everybody seemed happy. Little children skipped along arm-in-arm on their way to Sunday-School. Cars went whizzing by, with streamers flying in every direction.

I went to church and every seat was taken; in front of the Altar was a large cross made from large white Easter lilies. Everybody had a smile on their face because it was Easter.

E. GOULD, Upper III.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

(*Prize Winning Contribution*)

Shortly after I entered the cathedral, 'GOD BE IN MY HEAD' was sung at a wedding which was taking place in one of the smaller chapels. Although the choir-boys could not be seen, their singing could be heard all over the church.

On entering in, I stopped in fear,
The silence frightened me;
The awe and majesty of years,
And calm serenity,
Were like a mantle, rich but staid,
O'er that austere cathedral laid.

I wandered down the lengthy aisles
Afraid to make a sound,
Lest I disturb the many kings
That slumbered all around.
The atmosphere was still and tense:
I listened, waiting in suspense.

And then it came; — a thundering blast
Of music strong and slow,
Which filled the souls of those who heard,
And in reverence bowed them low.
Swelling into a mighty roar,
It grew and echoed more and more.

It thundered through the mighty walls,
Resounding far and near,
And held me spellbound in a trance,
Dispelling all my fear.
Peace filled my soul with calm content;
Its power was so omnipotent.

But then it ceased, quite suddenly,
And I knelt down to pray.
And there I stayed and listened while
The echo died away.
I worshipped long and fervently;
Such thoughts that hymn had stirred in me.

SHEILA MERCER
Upper L.

THE SEA
(*Prize Essay*)

I was on a boat, a rather large yacht, and was watching the enormous waves dash against the side of it, and listening to the loud enchanting crash as the waves broke and splintered at the impact. A sudden imaginative dreaminess came over me and I thought profoundly of the sea. Such a mysterious element, that concealed so many strange and wonderful sights. As I gazed across the foamy ocean I thought of how different a place it was, a new world! Yes, that was what it was, a new world, with a mysterious life all of its own. What lay beneath that vast raging expanse of sea, and what the strange new life was I did not know, and my curiosity almost led me to my fate, giving me a sudden urge to jump overboard; then I realized my thoughts had carried me far beyond reality, and I was jolted back to the present in a manner that was painful to me. I loved the sea, and I had seemed so close to it in those passed few minutes, but now I was merely a girl looking at the ocean, on a boat made of wood, iron, steel,—oh! life was now too real, and I hated it.

The following day I again thought of the sea. I was not so dreamy or poetic as the day before, and my mind saw everything in a more concrete form.

I thought of the enjoyment it supplies. In the summer time the beaches are crowded. Children play in the sand and run through the waves like little bubbles of happiness, laughing and shouting. Others sunbathe, or run out to sea and dive through the waves, or see how far they can swim without being forced under by the swift oncoming waters. How merry the scene is. But then, how different it is when the skies are grey, and there is a deep rumble, followed by a sudden deafening crackle, as if the heavens were splitting in two. The wind howls, the sea rages, merciless and cruel. The beach is barren, the boats at sea are tossed ruthlessly, defenceless against that power which man has never conquered. Then the wind ceases howling, the thunder ceases rumbling, and like a nightmare all is over. The sky, however, is not bright and the rocks look dull and dismal. The beach is bare save for a few strands of seaweed and a pail or shovel left by a child in its haste to find shelter.

My heart leapt at this mental picture. Loneliness then seemed beautiful to me. The words of a poem came into my mind, and I appreciated those words more than I ever have or ever will I think:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar,
I love not man the less, but nature more."

— (A passage from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" by Lord Byron) . . .

The sea was rather rough, propelled by the strong wind that blew steadily in my face. The sun was setting, as I gazed across the ocean, revealing a deep crimson sky against the horizon fading into pink and pale purple; this, contrasted with the dark blue of the ocean was enough to make an artist's heart

ache. My eyes were concentrated on a reef not far from land. The waves that crashed against those stubborn rocks seemed to sing a song of the pride and triumph of freedom. I thought although men live and die the sea rolls on forever. I now had found the music musicians found, the poetry that poets found, in the everlasting roar of the ocean, and the crash as the waves broke, and shattered on the shore. Without knowing why tears came to my eyes and a lump rose in my throat. I loved the sea, and I seemed to express my love for it in that way.

STEPHANIE HALE

TWO MISCHIEVOUS PIGS

Once we had some pigs, and they were fat pigs, too.
There was no naughty thing that these pigs didn't do.
They used to snore all night, and then they played all day,
And when they tired of that, well then they ran away.

They messed up all the yard, they trampled down the corn;
The angry farmer wished that they had not been born.
One day when we were out, going for a stroll,
We saw those two fat pigs having a lovely roll

In someone's bed of flowers;
And—goodness me! Oh my! Those naughty pigs were ours!
They'd eaten all the flowers, and almost all the plants,
And rooted up the rest like naughty elephants!
We took them straight back home, in very deep disgrace,
And oh! what a bad scolding we had at once to face.

ISABEL ANN BARR,
Middle III.

THE SNOW MOUNTAINS

It was dawn, and the sun was appearing over a vast panorama of snow. Wherever the eye turned, towering mountains met one's gaze. These mountains looked majestic, as the sun, piercing the wreaths of mist, shone brightly across their snowy glaciers. Range after range faded away to the deep blue of the sky. They were awe-inspiring, these austere peaks, where no human foot had walked. Suddenly a host of large, black clouds crossed the path of the sun, obliterating its rays, leaving the whole scene cold and dark. Snow-flakes began to fall, gently at first, but steadily increasing in speed and size. Then all was hidden from view. The landscape had vanished, as though it had no real existence.

PAMELA DE SOLA,
Lower V.

GREECE

Where are her heroes of Sparta and Athens?
The gods whose propitiousness helped her in war?
Her philosophers, architects, powerful conquerors,
Have these all gone? Will they come back no more?

Socrates, Plato, and great Aristotle;
The sons of such leaders have always been free.
Free to develop their small rugged nation;
Free, and renowned both on land and on sea.

Greece has upheld her hard-earned reputation,
Maintaining with vigour this right to be free;
Striving unceasingly, asking no mercy,
To conquer, and sacrifice all if need be.

Calmly, relentlessly, on came the conqueror,
Sorrow and death his companions-in-arms.
Braving the onslaught the Greeks never faltered,
Giving up willingly cities and farms.

But they were outnumbered, though never relenting,
The enemy came, leaving hate in his wake.
The Greeks went down fighting, unyielding as ever,
Proud to give all for their liberty's sake.

Yet, even now that all Greece has been conquered,
The soul of the people will still persevere.
Their spirit, the heritage of their forefathers,
Will live, and encourage them, stilling their fear.

Socrates, Plato, and great Aristotle;
The sons of such leaders will once more be free.
Free to develop their small rugged nation,
Free, and renowned both on land and on sea.

SHEILA MERGER,

Upper V.



ANN GRAFFTEY

GREECE

25

by Ann Grafftey

WHY MUSIC?

The following are extracts from a group of essays written by the upper school on the subject "Why Music?"

Beautiful music keeps us in tune with ourselves, and creates harmony among men.

VIRGINIA WALBANK.

When listening to music we have to lend a part of ourselves before we can really absorb it.

Greta Morris.

Music is a sort of companion that soothes and comforts people.

CYNTHIA SASSOON.

One of the easiest ways to forget your troubles for a while is to sit and listen to some beautiful music.

BETTY CAPON.

One factor in making music so well liked is the rhythm in it. That is why soldiers march to music, sailors haul their ropes to it, and why everyone yearns to dance when they hear a tune with a good rhythm.

CLAIRE FISHER.

Music develops our sense of beauty, making us see more clearly the beautiful and fine things in life.

DOROTHY DOWNES.

To many people music is a blessing. Sometimes it is the only bright spot in their life.

FLORENCE GRIMALDI.

Music always gives one a feeling of relaxation. It brings joy and gives pleasure to those who sing and to those who listen.

MARGARET TURNER-BONE.

All day we hear about the horrors of war, and find it hard to believe that there is much beauty left in the world.

ROSEMARY GRIER.

I know that sometimes when I listen to a lovely piece of music it makes me feel as though music had a certain enchantment.

JOAN MASON.

Music will give us the greatest pleasure if we listen to it with open minds and open hearts.

MARY HANSON.

Without music there would be no dances. This would be very boring for all, especially the younger boys and girls.

NANCY LEE McMURTRY.

There must be something in music that has lasted for thousands of years. It started when God created the birds.

PHYLIS BRONFMAN.

Music is intensely satisfying, because, being abstract, one can put into it one's own interpretations, and find in it the particular quality which meets one's own needs.

MARGERY NELSON.

Music brings peace to the mind and gives you victory over troubles and worries. This is necessary to all of us if we are to keep our "thumbs up" and the Flag flying.

DIANA DAVIS.

BIRDS

Birds in the sky
Can always fly.
How clever they are,
Coming from far.

They nest in the trees
Which sway in the breeze
And will fly away
At the dawn of day.

MARY STUART,
Lower III.

SEEN FROM MY WINDOW

As I look out of my window tonight I see the city as it often looks on mid-winter evenings. The clouded sky is deep and quiet as if it was a roof or covering for the city. The city, as I see it now, is robed in a jewelled cloak; lights twinkle, wink, and flash; and the city is like the sky when all the stars are shining. There are so many lights that I often wonder where they come from—is that little speck which flashes so feebly a little lamp in a window of a lonely house or is it a traffic light?

Tonight I cannot see very clearly as it is quite dark and the sky is not bright and clear. Red-lighted signs glitter like rubies on black velvet, surrounded by little diamonds. The city, indeed, wears a beautiful cloak; in a few hours the lights will go out and only a few street-lamps will shine through the night.

If I look to the left of the house I can see two trees. They are black against the clouded sky, lighted to a grey by the lights of the city. A tall elm waves lacy patterns with its topmost branches, and a willow tree beside it looks like a soft drooping feather. The branches of the elm tree are covered in snow and this gives the appearance of shadows.

Gardens, lawns, bushes and paths are white, but the roads are a black ribbon between the white snow piles. From a snow-covered chimney a misty-blue smoke rises into the air. The smoke is twisted and blown by the wind and disappears as if the wind had eaten it or carried it away invisibly.

As I stand at my window I see skaters on the two rinks in a neighbouring park which look like pools of yellow light. A line of bare poplar trees—looking very cold and ugly—stand at my right. In summer, those trees are tall, bushy and beautiful and they look silver in the moonlight as the wind rustles their leaves; in winter the trees are bare and ugly, they look like skeletons.

The scenes that I see from my window are perhaps not particularly beautiful, but they seem beautiful to me. I have seen many scenes from windows but they were not the same as those from my window at home.

ISABEL MCGILL,
Middle V.

HEREDITY

I am a little animal
Low and long,
My forehead is most wrinkle,
My voice is very strong.

With short legs, and long nose,
I think it fun
To dig up bones, and tear up clothes
Or eat a bun.

My ancestors I never chose,
Oh, no indeed.
Ashamed I am, and full of woe,
For my unlucky breed.

By learning to be very good,
I fear my brain to tax,
And now you will have understood
I'm just a tiny dax!

MARY WARLOW,
Upper IV^A.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

This summer was, for me, quite different from any I have spent before. Having decided, early in the spring, that I was tired of my usual lazy holidays I began to look about me for some sort of a job. Of course I had visions of toiling with self-denial in a stuffy office, and being, at the end of the summer a nervous, but wealthy wreck.

I was singularly fortunate in finding the work that I did. Some time in March I heard of the Grieved Children's Camp, and went to find out more. Three months later I was seated in a bus packed to the roof with dirty, happy children, luggage and crutches. The children were filled with excitement. They talked in awed whispers, drowned by the rattling of the bus. At last I suggested that we sing. A bright boy perched uncomfortably on a dummage bag began "Oh Jolminy" in a nice clear voice. We all joined in, and after that our journey was accompanied by song, mostly French.

I was very glad when the bus turned into a rough, narrow road, and several children, pointing to a group of buildings, shouted "camp!" As soon as we stopped a group of boys — captains, and girls — councillors, surrounded our bus and the two behind us.

Crutches, bags, and children were all lifted out. The children who could not walk were placed on the verandahs of the cabins where they were to live. Those who could, started at once on a tour of inspection, old campers initiating new ones to the joys of camp-life.

Lunch was, of course, the first thing in our new life. One of the older girls with a great hump on her back, and a sweet merry face played a march. Hand in hand, waiting for, and helping one another, the campers entered and ranged themselves at six long tables. There was a loud thunder as crutches were laid on the floor, and every child sat down to eat.

The campers' meal over, the children left the hall and the staff sat down to eat. Most of the workers were French, though they spoke English. They were natural, fun-loving boys and girls. They seemed interested in the children, too. I liked them all.

Everyone's lunch over, the large group of Catholics went to the little flower-surrounded field-stone cross or grotto which stood in a field near the dining-hall. I accompanied our twenty-one Protestants to the beach where we held a short service of prayer for world-peace. Then off to bed, every camper for an hour of rest. Instead of resting, too, we made the rounds of girls' and boys' cabins with paper and pencil, writing dictated letters. Next came what we termed the "grand clean-up." One hundred and five heads had to be scrubbed and coal-oiled. Two hundred and ten hands and legs had to be cleaned. What a feeling of relief when all this was done! No swimming that day, but supper, evening prayers, flag-lowering, and so to bed.

The highlights of camp-life occurred when in wheel-chairs, and on crutches the whole camp departed for a picnic, or when only a few of the stronger boys and girls spent a morning hiking to the village and back. Two evenings a week

we had an amateur hour when children, forgetful of their own, and each other's infirmities, sang, played, recited, and applauded for one another. These, perhaps, were the happiest times of all, for then each child was important for what he had, and what he had not did not matter. The camp was a separate world where the boys and girls worked and played, helping and respecting one another in a way which it would be well for other boys and girls to imitate.

Everyone who had had the privilege of playing a part in this wonderful community felt very sad at leaving. I know I learned a lot from these brave, independent children, besides spending one of the happiest summers of my life.

MARGERY NELSON.

Sixth Form.

THE UPPER IV-B.

We are the girls of Upper IV-B.
We have as our prefect, Bryony;
We have for our form-mistress, Mademoiselle,
And so we get along very well.

Our form is called "That naughty IV-B".
We get into scrapes but its fun, you see.
There are only eleven of us in all,
But that doesn't keep us from enjoying a squall.

Will you kindly excuse the poetry?
But after all we're just Upper IV-B.
And we have been asked for ages and ages
To fill up some of the magazine's pages.

NANCY MCGILL AND DOROTHY WALTER,

Upper IV-B.

OUR NATIONAL HOPE

"There'll always be an England
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you
As England means to me."

There'll always be a Canada
Our flag shall stand on high,
Its message of truth and freedom
Shall light the darkest sky.

There'll always be Dominions
And their cry will ever ring,
O'er hill and dale and valley
To the palace of our King.

But there'll *never* be a Hitler
As long as England's free,
For this man who's such a tyrant
Can never rule the sea.

And so my friends and neighbours
Be ye not afraid,
For we'll lick this man together
And England shall be saved.

SALLY WILSON.

Upper IV-B.

LITTLE HEROINE OF THE HOUR

I woke, and could not sleep again,
For thoughts kept rushing through my brain
Of spies, but then the jar of a door,
And steps I heard, and then no more.

Then all was still again through the dark night,
While I lay in bed a-trembling with fright,
Not daring to move, for thus thought I;
"In our house is a German spy!"

But why not try—yet could I dare—
To venture down the stairs to where
He was marching stealthily by,
And lock him in? I could but try.

So with a quaking heart, and vision
Of some reward, I made the decision
To try my luck and do my bit
For Canada, and perhaps win lame by it.

Down I stole, oh, courageous me!
Carefully but fearfully, to where I could see
A shining light on the pantry floor.
On I crept till I reached the door.

But there I stopped, paralyzed,
Not from fright, but tantalized
By the sight of some cake in the hands of no other
Than—not a spy, but my eight year old brother.

I recovered my poise and glared at him,
And proceeded to scold with a great deal of vim.
Then I shooed him upstairs and sent him to bed,
And I tumbled in after with a pain in my head.

For all my pluck I got a cold in my chest,
For my country's sake I *did* do my best,
The spy I couldn't take, 'cause he was a fake,
But at least I saved the chocolate cake!

JOY BALLOON,
Lower IV.



CLOAK ROOM

by Barbara Howard

GETTING UP

You wake up in the morning
And stretch and yawn and wiggle
Then someone comes and tickles you:
You frown and then you giggle

Your brother pulls you out of bed
But you lie upon the floor.
Your brother pulls and bumps you
Until you're very sore.

You stare at the alarm clock
And think it must be wrong.
Your mother comes and says to you
You've been in bed too long.

ANN ARMSTRONG,
Upper III

THE SKI MEET AT THE PENGUIN SKI CLUB

"All aboard!" It is Saturday morning, March 1st, and an inconspicuous train, with a load of many excited school girls plus their skis, pulls out of the Tunnel Station and heads northward,—towards St. Sauveur and the Penguin Ski Club, where is to be held the Annual Interscholastic Girls' Ski Meet. After what seems to be an interminable journey to the girls, who with each moment grow a little more nervous, and a little less confident in their own ski-ing ability, the train reaches St. Sauveur, and out jump all the girls, and all their skis, and—I hope, all the rest of their belongings. On go the skis, and in a little while the entire mob is assembled at the bottom of the Molson's Trail, clambering for their numbers. To the casual onlooker these girls have changed slightly in appearance, for because of the warmth of the day, many of them have taken off the top layer of their clothing. It is a perfect temperature for the races but I think perhaps that a little less icy surface would be preferable, although no-one is down-hearted for already the snow has commenced to descend at no uncertain rate.

Eventually all the girls get their numbers,—to the immense relief of the Penguins,—, and while the Junior competitors set out towards the slalom hill, the Seniors start to climb the Molson's Trail on which is to be held the downhill race. All the way up, the competitors bewail the difficulty of the trail, but no time for that, for the race is about to begin, in fact it does begin before many of them reach the top; and then comes the awful feeling of waiting and suspense. The girl before you goes and you take your place at the starting line. With your heart in your mouth you listen to the starter's words.—"Ten seconds," oh! why won't your knees stop shaking? "Five, - four - three - two - GO". You are off down the hill, resolved not to fall but probably unable to keep your resolution. You have no will of your own, but you simply follow the tips of your skis,—and hope; then at last you break out into the open, dash down between the finishing posts, and collapse from sheer nervous exhaustion. The first half of the races are over for you at any rate.

After the downhill is finished, all the Seniors go to the slalom course and the Juniors take their turn at the downhill. The slalom is considered the worse race of the two by most people, because for one reason they cannot turn especially well, and for another, it is an open hill where all the onlookers can watch the girls fall. The ski-ing conditions are greatly improved when the sun comes out and melts a good deal of the ice; also the competitors are less nervous now on the whole, and some of them are almost calm—, consequently I think everyone does better in this last race. There are three girls who do particularly well,—Barbara Walker and Margaret Turner-Bone from the Study, and Joan Tyler from Weston.

By this time everyone is hungry, so back to the Club troops the whole crowd, and for about an hour completely overruns the Penguins, eating all their food, and then leaving again to ski a little while before hearing the results of the races. The climax of the day approaches when sometime later, back they all go,

eager to learn the grand winners, and hoping that they have not disgraced themselves too badly. Finally the results are read out, and it is found that Barbara Walker is the Senior champion, by winning both the slalom and downhill races, and in the same way, Joan Staniforth from Trafalgar is the champion of the Juniors. These two girls are loudly applauded and then awarded their prizes, as are also their lucky teams. For the first time in history, the Study School, thanks to Miss Walker, finds that it has won the Interscholastic Ski Trophy.

After that, comes the anticlimax, for the Meet has ended, and all the girls have to leave in order to catch their train, which will carry them homeward, tired but happy, to wait for the next year's Ski Meet.

Claire Fisher,
Upper V.

THE MERMAID

Down by the river
Where the green reeds sway,
Lived a little mermaid
That bathed all day.

Her skin was like the snow
Fallen fresh on a winter day.
And her hair was like spun gold,
Her age I may not say.

Early one morning
To find her I went.
I crept up behind her,
And over her bent.

She whirled around
And uttered a sound.
And, backing away,
She whispered, "Stay".

She told me of the sea-castles
Deep beneath the ocean's foam,
She laughed about her frolic,
And talked about her home.

I went away and left her
For I could not stay all day,
And the next day I came for her,
But she had gone away.

Jane Ramsay,
Lower III.

LOWER FIFTH ROLL-CALL

The second bell rings, and Miss Hancox sits,
She takes the red book with our names in lists,
She calls our names, and as we answer "here"
Perhaps she thinks this of each Lower V. dear:

When *Sheila Beaton* is at school,
She talks so much she gets a rule.
Phyllis Broufman jumps her classes,
Learns her work and soon will pass us.
Sheila Clarkson her homework learns,
In order never to get returns.
Libby Dawes both tall and dark,
Finds passing notes is quite a lark.
You can't imagine the pounds and pounds
Of sweets and candies that *Dorothy Downes*.
Rosemary Grier is the artist of our class,
And she can draw anything from girls to grass.
She isn't bad, she isn't beany,
She is quite all right, is *Alison Heney*.

Ann Hodgson, we think, looks like Snow White,
But girls like the dwarfs we simply can't sight.
Panline Little jumps four foot four,
And now she's knitting to help win the war.
Several *Markers* the school does boast of,
Gwen's the best, don't contradict us.
Helen MacLure is a model student,
Always working! Always prudent!
Sheila Montgomery's brains are clear,
She hopes to get her remove next year.
Mary Patch's giggle is so loud,
That it causes the teachers brow to cloud.
Connie Pope came back, September.
She's been here before, remember?

Sheilas four in this class there are,
But *Sheila Ramsay*'s the smallest by far.
A girl in our class from England came,
Panuela De Sola is her name.
Cynthia Sassoon is the prefect this term,
And she speaks to the class in a voice that is firm.
Barbara Tidmarsh is the smallest in the class,
And delights in the growing of the rest of us, alas.
Elizabeth Turner Bone's really quite bright,
And her answers to sums are always just right.

LOWER FIFTH FORM.

A CROWDED STREET CAR

It was only by much pushing and struggling that I managed to scramble onto the street-car. I felt very pleased with myself, and I shot a superior glance at the cross and grumpy conductor. I was pleased because I had so obviously outwitted him; he had been sitting there calling out "No more room!", and I had just managed to squeeze myself in as the doors were closing. I turned to find a seat, and I had a nasty shock. There, before my startled face, were as many people as I had ever seen crowded into one place. Hardly daring to, I glanced around at the conductor's face. Hurriedly I turned back again, as the expression of triumph on his face was anything but soothing to my shattered self.

However, I soon regained my good humour, and I settled myself (as far as is possible when one is hanging from a strap in a crowded street-car) to observe the mob who were squashed in with me. Further down the car, there was a small boy who was providing a lot of amusement for his immediate neighbours. Every remark he made was a question, and for the most part they were very embarrassing questions. The mother, poor thing, looked very harassed as she tried to quiet her precocious infant.

"Mummy,"

"Yes dear,"

"Why is that lady so fat?" This was accompanied by a jab of the forefinger in the direction of a very annoyed, and very plump matron.

"Hush, dear."

"Mummy, why is that man so ugly?" At this point, little Junior's remarks were cut short by a very sharp, and very effective slap.

Then my roving gaze fell on a man reading a paper. As he was in an excellent position for me to read too. I was soon engrossed in the day's news. However I soon had to stop this, because whenever *I* got interested in a news item, *he* would turn the page.

Next my eye was caught by a youth, who, in a most aloof manner, disdained hanging onto a strap. Disaster seemed imminent as the car approached a curve. Breathlessly I watched. I could hardly repress a scream as the dignified youth, losing his balance, flopped into the lap of a middle-aged lady. Blushing furiously he apologized, by the time the next stop was reached, however, he had regained his icy composure.

At this stop a young mother got on to the car, carrying a baby, completely buried under shawls. As a matter of fact I was not sure it was a baby until it started to make a noise. It was just a feeble whimper at first, and the mother looked at her baby proudly, and was just about to whisper something when the blast came. For such a tiny thing it certainly made enough noise. Roar on roar, scream on scream issued forth from beneath the shawls. All the mother's efforts at conciliation failed, for the baby absolutely refused to listen. As a last resort, they got off at the next stop.

As I rang the bell, I glanced for the last time at the now familiar faces of the occupants of the car. There were many faces, fat, thin, long, and short, some were laughing, some were gloomy, some were interesting and a lot were dull. Pleased at the thought of getting out of the stuffy car into the cool of the evening, I even managed a pleasant look in the direction of the conductor; needless to say I got no response.

I descended, feeling like a bird just released from a cage, and took a breath of fresh air as the car disappeared around the bend.

TINKER BELL,
Middle V

KAPPA RHO'S VISIT TO ELMHURST

Miss Marsh and Miss Sanders not long ago,
Conferred with E. Hopkins and house captain Flo.
They wanted to give Kappa Rho a great treat,
So decided to give them some good things to eat.

They wrote to a dairy that's Elmhurst by name
And asked if K.P.-ites could visit the same.
They answered our letter and almost implored us:
Of welcome and fun they really assured us.

The man that was there gave an interesting lecture,
And left us with quite an extraordinary picture.
He then took us down and led us ice-cream
From their own little counter all spotless and clean.

Motto:

Now all you fine people, big, little, or small,
Drink the milk of this dairy and be healthy and tall.

JULIA MACKENZIE,
Upper IV-A

A TRUE STORY OF BAMBI, A DEER

My uncle has a ranch in Montana. One day, on returning from town he saw a deer of one week lying by the roadside. Stopping, he picked it up. When he reached home my aunt fed it out of a bottle.

Later she discovered that its mother had been killed, and so she took care of it till it was big and strong. It was named Bambi.

Then one day Bambi disappeared. Aunt searched many days for him, but all in vain. For about a year Bambi was lost. But one day Aunt heard a noise outside, she looked out, and there was Bambi who had come back to show Aunt her new baby.

SHEILA CAMPBELL,
Lower III

HOW THE RABBIT GOT HIS LONG EARS

Long long ago, in a small wood a great many rabbits lived and they all had short ears.

Now in the deepest of this forest in a roomy burrow, a large family of rabbits lived, Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit and their four children, Flopsy, Peter, Mopsy and Pink eyes. Every day they would play in front of their burrows, so that Mrs. Rabbit could keep a strict eye on them.

One morning however, she suddenly realized she must buy some cabbage for her children's supper, so having told each one to keep out of mischief and look after itself well, she hurried off to town. As soon as she had disappeared through the trees, Peter ran down the woodland path to the water hole in the centre of the wood. This was the filthiest pond ever seen, and all the little uneducated rabbits played there, and that is why he liked it. He played there all morning long, and when he thought it lunch time he hopped home.

As soon as Mrs. Rabbit saw him, she was very angry and gave him a bath at once. She scrubbed and rubbed and scrubbed him with the hardest brush she could find, because he was so dirty. When he was clean enough to satisfy her, she set him out in the sun to dry, and there he sat feeling very sad, because he really hadn't meant to be naughty. Suddenly he felt something funny happening to his head; he put his paw up and to his horror he found his ears had grown seven inches! He was very scared, and two salty tears trickled down the side of his face, because he had heard that a wicked magician lived in the wood and made all sorts of queer things happen to naughty boys who disobeyed.

When his mother saw him she was delighted, "It is so very fashionable," she said, I shall go at once to the magician and ask him to make all rabbit's ears as long as yours, why you look almost beautiful! She did—and to this day rabbits ears have been long!

FRANCES PATCH,
Upper III.

NOW THAT WINTER HAS GONE AWAY

Now that Winter has gone away,
The birds come back to sing.
Robins, crows, and blue, blue jays;
They all fly back on wings.

And now the sun is warm again,
The flowers come pushing through.
Then down come Springy showers of rain
On flowers pink and blue.

LORNA MACDOUGALL,
Upper III.

A VISION

As I sat on a bank by a little brook,
I saw the care the Creator took:
Each tree and flower and fern to make
Each thing of beauty, each river and lake.

Beside the brook the flowers were growing
So quiet and gentle the river was flowing
The stars came twinkling one by one
From behind the clouds the moon did come.

And then of a sudden I heard a song
A host of angels came gliding along
And they were clothed in robes of white
Around their heads was a shining light.

And when they all had disappeared
My heart no longer was filled with fear
The air was perfumed with sweetest scent
And then to my home I softly went.

ELSPETH LINDSAY,
Lower IV.

THE WEATHER

The weather is very important to everyone. If you are going to have a picnic next day you naturally want to know what the weather is going to be like. Ships and aeroplanes depend upon the weather, and so do the farmers because they do not want to meet with a storm or have their crops ruined by rain or wind.

There are many different kinds of weather: sunshine, snow, fog, hail and rain. It is a good thing that the weather varies, if we had too much of one thing we would probably be less healthy. When we have drought God changes it to rain, when we have rain he changes it to sunshine. Everything he makes is so very perfect.

My favourite kind of weather is when the sky is a pale grey-blue, and everything is moist. It has just stopped raining, and all the dirty, dusty, smelly things are washed and cleaned. There is a delicious smell of flowers, leaves, bark, and water. The streams are swollen and come rushing down, the flowers have clear, pearly rain-drops upon them, the birds are singing joyfully, and the warm sun is leaking in through the trees.

When this weather comes I feel, and smell and hear, and my soul almost bursts with happiness.

ISOBEL ANN BARR,
Middle III.

THE GIRLS OF OUR CLASS

Bryony is our prefect,
And she is all o.k.
But when it comes to lessons,
Her mind will run away.

Joanie is so quiet,
And never says a thing.
But when it comes to one o'clock,
She thinks of everything.

Nancy is the brainy girl,
Who is in our little class;
And when she is asked a question,
The answer comes so fast.

Dorothy is our chatty one.
She's never quite at rest;
She never knows her homework,
But still she is the best.

Marjorie is the little one,
Who is always in the fun.
She sits in front of Mademoiselle
And sucks her little thumb.

Our long and lanky Barbara Heward
Is good at reading French.
And when she is at singing,
She is the tallest on the bench.

Lucille who is our leader
Always tips her chair,
To get the books that we forget
Which come quickly through the air.

Sally who is always bright,
And liked by everyone,
Always seems to get everything right,
While we get everything wrong.

Barbara Jellett tall and fair,
Who is our giggler too,
Stops only to hear the teachers say,
Come straight back here at two.

We who wrote this poem
Are really very shy,
But it seems we have to sign our
names
So here is our good-bye.

BY ROSLYN ROBERTON AND JOAN WIGHT,
Upper IV^r B.

A MID-SUMMER DAY

The murmuring of the silent brook,
The rustle of the leaves,
The wind as it goes through the hanging branches,
That is the voice of the breeze.

The tall green grass in the sunlight waves,
The birds sing, oh, so sweet,
As they twitter about finding food for their young,
Among the grains of wheat.

The sun is going, twilight's falling,
Nay, and it soon will be night.
The birds are going to their nest
And everywhere is rest.

BARBARA WALES,
Upper III.

MY DOG

I have a dog and his name is Chinn,
And he comes from a place they call Pekin.
He isn't fat, and he isn't thin,
So in a show perhaps he'd win.
This dog of mine . . . my pedigreed Chinn.

SALLY MATTHEWS,
Lower III.

AT NIGHT

When the night comes, I go to bed
With my pillow under my head;
I think of the stars shining bright,
And the round moon, with sweet
delight.

When I have quietly gone to sleep,
Nobody is there to stare and peep;
And I in my dreams go away,
Not to return till another day.

BY MARTHA MORGAN,
Lower IV.

AUTUMN GLORIES

Red leaves and yellow leaves
Are very pretty shades,
The lovely cool breezes
Sound like serenades.

The apples get ripened
And rosy and round
The flowers are pretty
But fall to the ground.

CYNTHIA PLANT,
Upper III.

GOING TO BED

When it is dark and I nod my head,
Then I know it's time for bed.
The lights turned out, I give a yawn,
And into dreamland I go till dawn.
But first of all I must take off my clothes,
Undress myself from head to toes,
Then comb my hair and brush my teeth,
Otherwise I would not sleep;
Then take my bath and say my prayers,
And jump into bed and forget my cares.
Often I find it hard to sleep;
Then into a book I take a peep,
Till my eyes get weary, and I begin to blink,
Then into sleep I know I will sink.
And in the morning when the sun is bright,
To get up on time is an awful sight.

CATHERINE ANN NOTMAN,
Upper III.



"MOVING DAY"

by Pamela Ponder

STUDY BLITZ

Upper "A" and Upper "B"
Agreed to have a battle;
For Upper "A", said Upper "B",
Did naught but tittle-tattle.

Just then came by a prefect tall
Resolved to stop the blitz;
But met a well-directed ball
Which frightened her to fits.

Then Lower 'Five' and Upper 'Four'
Their courage growing bolder;
Think they might settle an old score
Before they're any older.

But "Seniors" are "Craftier"
And dodge an awful lot;
While "Middles" being "Daftier"
Are certain to be caught.

LOUISE MACFARLANE,

Lower V.



UPPER A:

Linda Ballantyne
Willa Benson
Ann Bushell
Jill Crossen
Martha Fisher
Lucy Hodgson
Diana Mather
Barbara MacLean
Belle MacLean
Sally McDougall

Joanna McLeod
Mary Newcomb
Sylvia Ponder
Jennifer Porteous
Grace Raymond
Diana Sutherland
Lucinda Vaughan
Shirley-Anne Wales
Dilys Williams
Joan Young

LOWER A:

Deirdre Barr
Tessa Bendixson
Gail Cottingham
Mary Anne Curie
Ann Hutchison
Mary-Jane Hutchison
Beryl-Jean Lanctot
Verity Molson
Joan Mackay
Meriel MacLean

Margaret Notman
Philippa Osler
Daphne Pangman
Susan Porteous
Cynthia Scott
Gerda Thomas
Priscilla Wanklyn
Norma Wight
Ursula Wyatt-Johnston

UPPER B:

Joan Fraser
Diana Gaherty
Virginia Govier
Joanne Hodgson
Ela Heward
Angela Johns
Sandrea Ogilvie

Anne Pangman
Nancy Pollock
Mary Stavert
Judith Thomas
Margaret-Isabella Rogers
Carolyn Whitehead

LOWER B:

Jane Aitken
Frances Bushell
Jennifer Brabant
Diana Drew
Susan Marler

Zoe Molson
Barbara Macintosh
Brydon McCarthy
Pamela Pasnore

'THE DOLLS' THANKSGIVING DINNER

(*Prize-winning contribution - Juniors*)

"Mother", asked Mary, "Why can't dolls have a thanksgiving dinner just like us?"

"Perhaps they can, Mary", said mother, laughing. "If you sweep and dust your doll house, and put on your dolly's best dresses and set the table, then I will see about a dinner for them."

"Oh, What fun!", Mary cried happily.

Mary went to her room, and there on the table was a very large and beautiful doll house. Mary did exactly as her Mother had told her. Then she set the table. She put beside each plate a tiny wee napkin, then she put cups and saucers. The patterns on them were tiny roses. Some were red and some were white. Then Mary put on Polly a yellow dress, a pink dress on Joan, and a white dress on Pamela.

Then her Mother brought up the dinner on a tray. Each had some turkey. Then there were wee cups of cocoa, a tiny cake and last of all the smallest pumpkin pie you ever saw!

After Mary had had her dinner, she came to see the dolls. The dolls were sitting at the table just as Mary had left them. But nearly everything on the table had been eaten.

Just then she heard a squeak, and there, poking his head under the table was a fat grey mouse. Then Mother came in and Mary told her everything.

"Shall I get the cat?" inquired Mary.

"No", said Mother, "why can't a mouse have a thanksgiving dinner too?"

LINDA BALLANTYNE,

Upper A,

Age 9.

THE FAIRIES GLADE

In the wood, it is understood,
There is a fairy glade;
And every day in lovely May
The fairies all parade
In brilliant colours, red and blue,
In purple, mauve, and violet too.

The gentle deer come down to drink,
And fairies dance around the brink,
For in the glade there is a pool
Of shiny water, blue and cool.
They dance throughout the night so long,
Until they hear the Robin's song.

ANNE SANSOM,

Upper A.

I had a little bear
And he walked up the stair,
And in my room he'd peep
When I was fast asleep.

ZOE MORSON,
Lower B.
Age 5

BUNKY MY MONKEY

Bunky my monkey was very vain indeed. He always perched up on his branch with a brush and mirror. He was also very greedy.

One day when he was eating noisily, I went into his cage and took his brush and mirror away and hid them. After a *very* long time Bunky came away from his table feeling very proud and very full. He was feeling very tired after his big meal. He was just going to prink a little bit more before he went to sleep but his brush and mirror had gone.

He flew into a furious rage and ran away as fast as he could. So I am afraid that was the end of Bunky my monkey.

BARBARA MACLEAN,
Upper A.
Age 10.

HITLER

Hitler is a bad man, Hitler is a thief,
But the poor misguided Germans
Have Hitler as their chief.

Hitler wanted the Austrians, the Czechs, and the Poles,
So he took his guns and aeroplanes,
And bombed them into holes.

Then he raided Norway, Holland, Belgium, France,
He sent his spies and parachutes,
And they didn't have a chance.

Hitler is a bad man, but soon he'll cease to rob,
For England fights for freedom,
And she'll finish up the job.

JENNIFER PORTEOUS,
Upper A.
Age 10.

MY TEDDY BEAR

I have a little teddy-bear,
Who was born in nineteen-four,
He used to be my Daddy's,
But he isn't any more.

SUSAN PORTEOUS,

Lower A.

Age 8.

THE ADVENTURES OF A TEN CENT PIECE

I am a ten cent piece, small, round and silver. On one side I have a picture of Georgius VI D. G. Rex et Ind. Imp. On the other side I have a picture of a sail boat with "Canada" written in the sky and "ten cents" written in the sea.

I left the mint in Ottawa one fine day in 1940 to start my life in a bank in Quebec. There I had rather a lazy time lying with lots of other ten cent pieces in the teller's drawer. Lots of my companions were very dirty and told me about their lives, till I was impatient to leave the bank and start my own adventures.

At last a tall, thin bushy haired man with a harsh voice came stalking to the counter. The teller looked at his cheque and gave him a lot of dollar bills and five of us, ten cent pieces. So I started my life in a rich man's pocket. But I didn't stay there very long.

On the way home my new master wanted a New York Times and I found myself in the hot dirty hand of a news boy. His pocket was very stuffy and I was glad when I was given to a kind lawyer. When I got to his house he threw me on to his dressing table and I was able to see what a room was like.

Presently a little boy of ten came bouncing into the room.

"May I have my pocket money Daddy?" he asked. I was handed to him and he put me into a china cat which was his savings bank. And there I am now being saved up for a war saving stamp.

JENNIFER PORTEOUS.

Upper A.

Aged 10½

LIMERICK

There was a young person called Sally,
Who wanted to dance in a ballet.
She stood on her toes
Then she fell on her nose,
And that was the end of poor Sally.

PRISCILLA WANKLYN.

Lower A.

Age 8.

GAVIN, WHO IS THREE

Gavin is my brother,
One day he bit my mother.
One day on my toe he tread,
And then gave me an ache in the head.
He climbs on you when you lie down for a rest,
And crumples you up when you're dressed in your best.
Little bother.

CYNTHIA SCOTT,

Lower A.

Age 7.

I had a cat,
I got a kitty.
They ran away,
Oh, what a pity!

SUSAN MARLER,

Lower B.

Age 6.

MY BUNNY

I have a little bunny
He's as frisky as can be.
And when I let him out
He's so happy to be free.

He runs through the house,
Not as quietly as a mouse.

My bunny is so fat!
He's as fat as a pig!
And when he sees his
Lettuce, he dances a jig.

He has such funny little ears,
When he wiggles them about.
And his funny upper lip,
Has the cutest little pout.

WILLA BENSON,

Upper A.

Age 11.

THE SISTER

I have a little sister. Her name is Jennifer. She came over from England. We have fun together and we play together. We each have a little puppy. Jennifer's puppy is all black, mine is black and white.

BARBARA MACINTOSH,
Lower B.
Age 6.

ME

I'm a little English girl. I came over the sea to Canada because of the war. I love Canada and my homeland too. I loved the trip. The sea was blue, I saw icebergs. I go to 'The Study, it is not the same as my old school.

JENNIFER BRABANT,
Lower B.
Age 6.

DIRT

Dirt, dirt, everywhere,
Plenty of it and enough to spare.
In your eyes and in your hair,
Dirt, dirt, everywhere!

When you go over the rocks
You spoil all your nice new frocks,
When you play in the garden green,
You can never keep quite clean.

DEIRDRE BARR,
Lower A.
Age 9.

THE HOUSE BESIDE THE SEA

When I go back in memory to the house beside the sea,
I think of little stories that granny told to me.
And there I lie and think of the dark, high mountains, and the light blue sea.
I wonder if the moon knows about me?
But I sigh, for I know that the moon is high.

PRISCILLA WANKLYN,
Lower A.
Age 8.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

When I was young
I loved to climb
Upon our apple tree,
And listen to the murmurings
Of wild wasps and bees.

When I was young
I loved to swing
Upon the strongest bough,
And eat there of the reddest fruit,
And watch my mother's cow.

ANN BUSHELL,
Upper A.

MY HOUSE

I live in a big red house, with tall trees growing by, with lilies at my door.
I sing and laugh and play all day. When the sun goes down I go to bed till my
dog comes to wake me in the morning again.

BERYL JEAN LANCTOT,
Lower A.
Age 8½.

THE APE

There was an Ape
Who stole some tape
And tied up his toes
In four beautiful bows.

SALLY McDougall,
Upper A.
Age 9.

BEFORE I WENT TO SCHOOL

When I was just a little girl, before I went to school,
I'd sit and do my doll's curls beside the empty pool.

MERIEL MACLEAN,
Lower A.
Age 10.

A LITTLE BEAR

A little bear had a doll
Which he loved to mawl;
And a little dog
That sat on a log.
But he wanted some stars
To hang on his cage bars.
He had some cousins,
Yes, dozens.
Who had stars
To hang on cage bars.

He got the stars
To hang on the bars,
He had the doll
He loved to mawl,
And the dog
That sat on a log,
His cousins, yes, all the dozens,
Wanted them all!

MARY ANNE CURRIE,

Lower A.

Age 9

MY CANARY

I have a Canary,
She is very sweet
Her beak is orange,
And so are her feet,
When I sing to her softly,
She sings back, "Tweet, Tweet!"

DIANA SUTHERLAND,

Upper A.

Age 10.

THE LIGHTS

The red light says "Stop",
The green light says "Go".
The green light says "Yes",
The red light says "No".

JOAN FRASER,

Upper B.

Age 8.



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Vice-President

EMILY ADAMS

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MARGARET PATCH

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PEGGY DAVIS

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The twenty-first General Meeting and Lunch on Tuesday June the tenth brings to a close another active year of the Study Old Girl's Association.

Officers for the committee for the year 1940-1941 were elected at the annual business meeting held in November, and eleven new members were welcomed into the Association.

Our presents to the school were new curtains for the stage in the assembly hall, and as last year a little financial help towards the publication of the magazine; which has as usual proved most interesting to us all. I would like therefore to take this opportunity of thanking the editors for their hard work and ingenuity in producing another successful Study Chronicle.

The Old Girls have taken part in various school activities during the year. They played their annual basketball match against the school team, and sang with them in the School Carol Concert at Christmas time.

Before I close this report may I thank my Committee for their support and co-operation.

Respectfully submitted

PERCIVAL MACKENZIE

ENGAGEMENTS

Patricia Hale to Pilot Officer Douglas Laird, Winnipeg.
Dorothea Hamilton to Charles B. Cunningham, Esq., New York.
Joan Hodgson to John Pullam, Esq.
Norah Richardson to Lt. William Hayden Bryant.

MARRIAGES

Patricia Bate to Robert D. Prince, Esq., New York.
Grace Flintoft to Lt. Murray Cassils.
Marion Hart to Pilot Officer Harold Staniforth.
Cynthia Hingston to Robert Vaughan, Esq.
Viva Johnston to Jack LeM. Carter, Esq.
Peggy Kingstone to Frank L. Stuart, Esq.
Helen Robinson to Lt. John Starnes.
Daphne Sare to Alex. Thom, Esq.
Francis Sise to Frank J. Humphrey, Esq.

OLD GIRLS NEWS

Percival Mackenzie is continuing with her work at the Art Gallery and is also a member of the C.W.T.S.

Emily Adams is working in the Haemotology Department in the Children's Memorial Hospital. She is also a Red Cross Auxiliary Nurse.

Mary Harling is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, and will graduate this June.

Mrs. Mark Farrell (Joanna Wright) is in New York, where she is taking a Business Course.

Betty Weldon is working in the Registrar's office at McGill.

Mrs. Stirling Maxwell (Betty Kemp) is in Halifax. She devotes much of her time to work on the Magazine Exchange.

There are many Old Girls who belong to the Junior League. Among those elected to office this spring were: — *Mrs. Archibald Hodgson* (Anne Hyde), President; *Mrs. Theodore Meighen* (Peggy Robinson) 1st. Vice-President; *Janet Hutchison*, Treasurer.

Betty Beveridge is working in the Metabolism Department at the General Hospital.

Ann Armstrong is in Boston where she is taking a course in Art.

Mary Lee Pyke is also in Boston studying gardening.

Lilias Savage is secretary to Dr. Huskins of the Genetics Department at McGill.

Margie Macdonald is a nurse in the New York Presbyterian Hospital.

Kathie Macdonald is in Boston where she is taking her M.A. in Biology at Radcliffe. She has also been teaching this winter at Winsor School in Boston, and next year will be on the staff of Brearly School in New York.

Joan Clarkson, Jane Molson, and Aurelia Walker are in training at the General Hospital.

Barbara Kemp is Senior Company Commander in the C.W.T.S. She also is working hard in the Eye and Skin Clinics at the General Hospital. She is President of the Penguin Ski Club.

Pat Hale is doing Research work in Blood Coagulation at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mrs. Andrew Mackellar (Phoebe Nobbs) has a school for small children. This spring she also put on a very successful fashion show of period costumes in aid of the I.O.D.E. war work.

Mrs. Andrew Barr (Margaret Gordon — for whom Mu Gamma is named) is here from England for the duration. Her two small daughters are at the School.

Gwyneth McConkey is at the Montreal School of Interior Decoration.

Many Old Girls are working hard at various jobs. Among them are: — *Mary Fowler*, *Katherine Knox*, *Gillian Hessey-White*, *Ethel Enderby*, *Rebecca Jones*, *Marjorie Jones*, *Adele Robertson*, *Jessie Stirling*, *Peggy Wilkinson*.

Hon. Mrs. A. K. Hungesson (Peggy Duggan) is President of the Women's Canadian Club, and is on the Council for Overseas Children.

Barbara MacCallum is continuing with her singing, and took the part of Josephine in a recent performance of H.M.S. Pinafore.

Margaret Peck is taking a course at the Montreal School of Social Work.

Elizabeth Ferguson is working in the art department of a photo engraving firm. She is also a member of the I.O.D.E. and has been doing a lot of war work.

Dorothy Blair is a Lance Corporal in the C.W.T.S.

Mrs. Franklin Dillingham (Pamela Kemp) has done a great deal as secretary to help organize Horse Shows in aid of the war effort. Two very successful shows have already been held, one for the Red Cross and one for the Bomber Fund.

Margaret Graham is writing her M.A. in English at McGill.

Margot McDougall and *Norah Richardson* took a business course this winter. Margot now has a job.

Margery Hutchison is in her 2nd year Arts at McGill, and won a Faculty Scholarship for high average obtained in 1st year exams.

Alice Patch has been doing Commercial Art work this winter. She has also helped at Red Cross Headquarters.

Joan Patch is a Section Leader of the Red Cross Auxiliary Nurses. During the Red Cross drive last autumn she was in charge of the Acknowledgements Department.

Ruth Mary Penfield is secretary to Mr. Arthur Lismer, who is Educational Director of the Art Gallery. She is also a member of the Junior League.

Barbara Whitley is continuing with her radio work. She belongs to the Junior League, and has also done a lot of entertaining for the troops.

Mrs. Donald MacInnes does a great deal of Guide Work and is District Commissioner of Central District.

Among those who have been taking Business Courses at O'Sullivan's are:—*Sheila Birks, Estelle Holland, Elizabeth McConkey, Margaret Patch, Margery Paterson, Joan Murray Smith and Julia Troop.*

Katherine Gurd took a course in Bacteriology at McGill this winter.

Phyllis Elder, Irene Irwin and *Eleanor Thornhill* are all members of the C.W.T.S. and may be seen driving about Montreal in their smart khaki uniforms.

Mrs. Alfred Keator (Shelagh Young) has been teaching Kindergarten at the West Hampton School. She has also been doing work with Brownie Packs.

Evelyn Capon is working in the Clinical Lab. at the General Hospital.

Betty Lyman is doing Red Cross work.

Daphne Montefiore is a member of the C.W.T.S. and both she and *Nancy Montefiore* are keen guides.

Among those who are living out of town are:—*Clair Mann* who is in St. Sauveur; *Mrs. J. M. Saegert* (Anne Fyshe), who is in Toronto; *Mrs. Gerald White* (Aileen Stairs), who is in Knowlton; *Diana Walker* who is in Bermuda, and *Mrs. E. M. Detchon* (Charlotte Macfarlane) who is in Sydney, Australia.

Althea Morris did a lot of ski-ing this winter, and in April went out to Banff for the Spring ski-ing there.

Ruth Duclos is doing Junior League work.

Hilda Thornhill is doing work in hospital clinics.

Helen Malcolm has been going to the Art Gallery this winter.

Joyce Browning is in England, and is doing A.R.P. work near Croydon.

Study Old Girls taking courses at McGill include:—

ARTS

Audrey Bovey	1st Year
Peggy Davis	"
Priscilla Lobley	"
Miriam Tees	"
Patsy Hanson	2nd Year
Margery Hutchison	"
Mary Scott Fry	4th Year
Betty Woodyatt	"

SCIENCE

Jacqueline Hale	1st Year
Sheila-Bell Mappin	"
Joan Anderson	2nd Year
Marion Savage	3rd Year
Sydney Fisher	4th Year
Jean Gordon	"

PARTIAL

Martha Chadwick	
Marjorie Schofield	Music
Betty Schwob	"

We have lately learned that Anne Armstrong has been awarded a scholarship of five hundred dollars from Harvard University, for museum research work. Congratulations, Anne! We wish you all success.

It is with deep regret that the editors of The Chronicle must record the death of Mrs. Deacon, who was for many years a beloved and active member of the staff of The Study. We know that the Old Girls, who knew her both as Miss Kirkham, and as Mrs. Deacon will feel, with us, that in her passing The Study has suffered a great bereavement.

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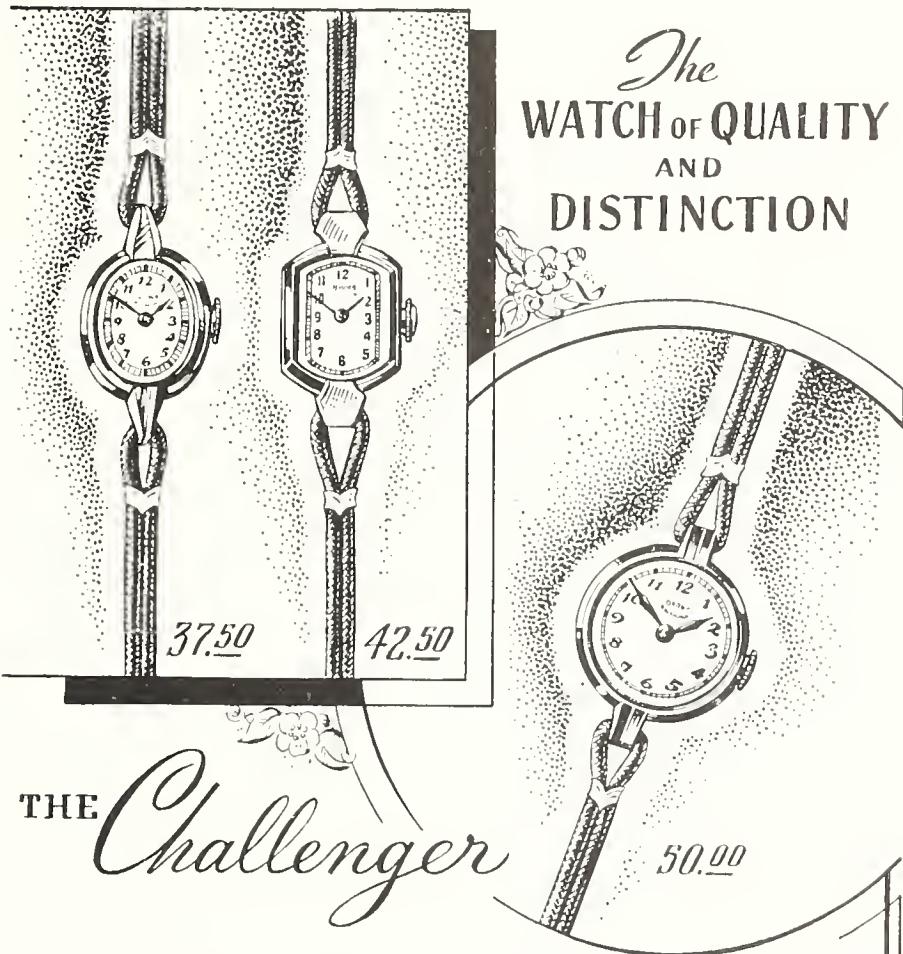
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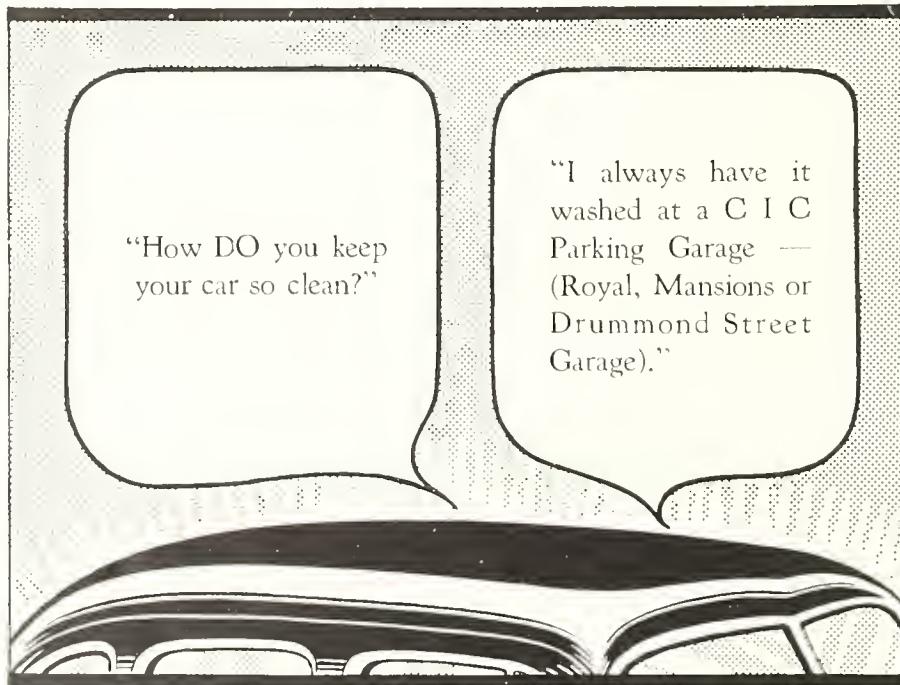
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